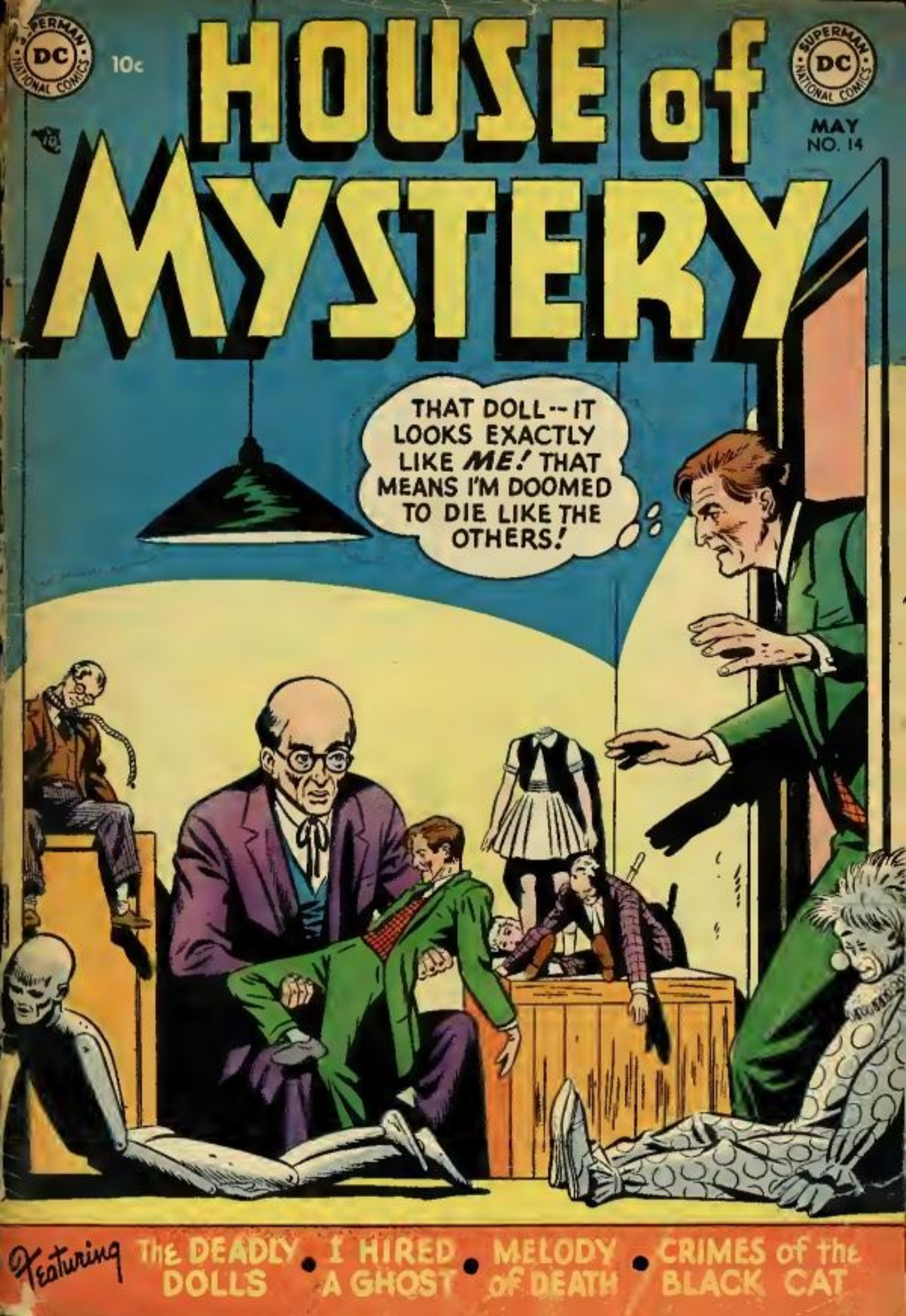
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
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HOUSE of MYSTERY
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MAY
NO. 14
THAT DOLL -- IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ME! THAT MEANS I'M DOOMED TO DIE LIKE THE OTHERS!
Featuring THE DEADLY DOLLS • I HIRED A GHOST • MELODY of DEATH • CRIMES of the BLACK CAT

1000 *LIVE* BABY TURTLES GIVEN AWAY

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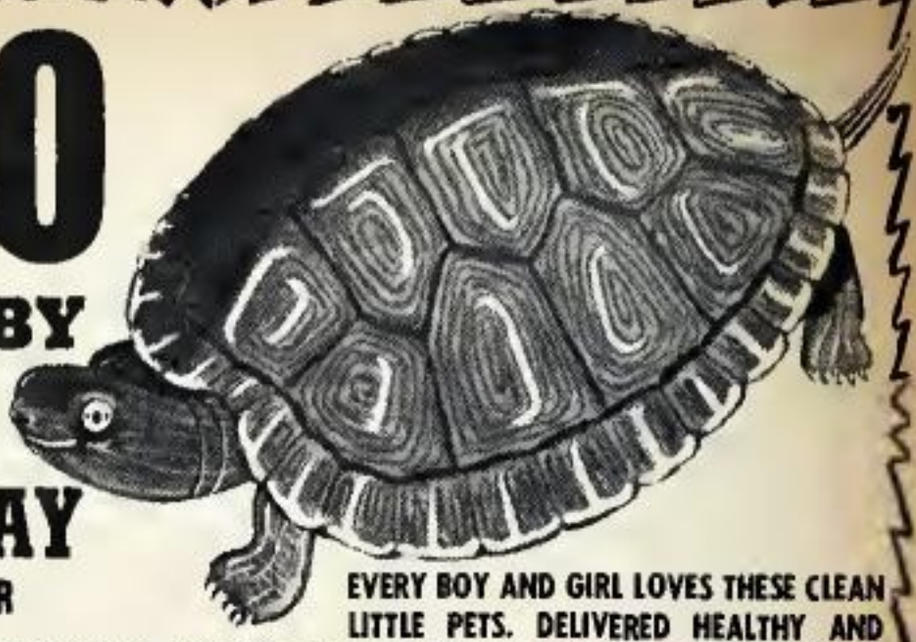

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DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, THE BLACK CAT HAS BEEN AN OMEN OF MISFORTUNE TO SOCIETY. BUT WHEN A KILLER JOINS WITH THIS ANIMAL OF BAD LUCK IN A PARTNERSHIP OF EVIL, THE FELINE CREATURE BECOMES A SYMBOL OF GOOD LUCK... AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN PREVENT...
The CRIMES of the BLACK CAT
COME TO LIFE, MY PET! COME TO LIFE AND SAVE ME FROM THE GALLOWS! HA, HA, HA!
MEET EDDIE SEVEN... LOCAL OVERLORD OF CRIME... A MAN WHO HOLDS A STRANGE SECRET IN THE DIM, DARK RECESSES OF HIS TWISTED MIND
A REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL THEFT ALMOST $ 10,000 AH, DAMASCUS... WITHOUT YOU TO BRING ME SUCH GOOD LUCK, I NEVER COULD HAVE DONE THE JOB PROPERLY!
THE FOOL... THINKING HIS UGLY BLACK CAT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH OUR GOOD FORTUNE! UGH... THAT HIDEOUS CREATURE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
DRINK UP... DRINK UP MY NOBLE DAMASCUS! AH-H-H... THAT'S IT!
EDDIE MUST BE STRIPPING HIS GEARS! IMAGINE THINKING THAT BLACK CAT'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM!
COULD BE... BUT SO FAR, WE'RE DOING ALL RIGHT! LET HIM BE CRAZY!

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Printed in U. S. A.

CAN A BLACK CAT ACTUALLY BE A SYMBOL OF GOOD LUCK? CRIMINAL JOE PALMER CAN ONLY SEE FORBIDDEN EVIL IN THE CREATURE'S EYES...
Y-YOU MONSTER! YOU'D LIKE TO SCRATCH MY HEART OUT, WOULDN'T YOU? OH, HOW I'D LIKE TO PUT A BULLET BETWEEN YOUR DEVILISH EYES!
BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, EDDIE SEVEN'S STRANGE GOOD LUCK CHARM APPEARS TO WIELD ITS MAGICAL POWERS EVERYWHERE...
TH-THE GUARDS GOT JOEY!
TOUGH... IT COULD HAVE BEEN ME IF I DIDN'T HAVE DAMASCUS ALONG TO PROTECT ME!
BANG
AND LATER, AS EDDIE WORKS A JOB ALONE...
PATIENCE, MY PRETTY DAMASCUS! SOON MY WORK SHALL BE OVER, AND YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR NICE WARM BED BEHIND THE STOVE!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? PUT YOUR HANDS... YAAAAH!
KRWRR
HUH?
OH-H-H... MY FACE!
HA, HA... NICE GOING, DAMASCUS! THE POOR DEVIL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! AGAIN YOU HAVE PROTECTED ME, MY FRIEND!
THUS DOES THE BOND OF SINISTER DEVOTION GROW STRONGER AND STRONGER BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST WITH EACH SUCCEEDING CRIME...
THE COPS! THEY SHOT UP ANDY ON OUR POST OFFICE JOB! H-HE'S DEAD!
IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME! HE SCOFFED AT MY DAMASCUS... HIS LUCK COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE LASTED! AND NOW, I'M GOING TO PLACE OUR WEEK'S "TAKE" IN THE HIDING PLACE!
HOW COME YOU'RE SO TOUCHY ABOUT ME GOING WITH YOU TO STASH THAT LOOT? YOU'VE TOLD ME WHERE YOU KEEP IT... SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE?
I'M JUST AFRAID YOUR PRESENCE THERE MIGHT JINX IT, PALMER! DAMASCUS AND I WILL BEST DO THE JOB ALONE... SEE YOU LATER!
2

THERE SEEMS NO END TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS CRIMINAL'S GOOD FORTUNE, BUT SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER...

LISTEN...COPS! WE MUST'VE TRIPPED AN ALARM! MAKE A RUN FOR IT, SEVEN!

WH-WHERE'S DAMASCUS? I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM, PALMER... IT WOULD MEAN FORFEITING THE LUCK HE'S BROUGHT ME!

WHEEEEEEEEEEE

TERROR GRIPS EDDIE SEVEN AS HE SEARCHES VAINLY FOR HIS COMPANION OF GOOD FORTUNE.. TILL FINALLY...

WHY? }SOB{ WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS TO ME, DAMASCUS? I'M DOOMED WITHOUT YOU... }SOB-SOB{

GREAT SCOTT... IT'S EDDIE SEVEN! WATCH HOW YOU HANDLE HIM, FRED.. SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GONE OFF HIS ROCKER!

LISTEN TO ME, OFFICERS.. I HAVE LOTS OF MONEY! I DON'T WANT YOU TO SET ME FREE...ALL I WANT IS MY CAT! HE'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE ME FROM HANGING! YOU MUST FIND HIM FOR ME... I'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!

WE DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY, SEVEN! BESIDES, EVEN IF WE CAUGHT THAT CAT OF YOURS, THE JUDGE WOULDN'T ALLOW IT IN COURT!

ALL EFFORTS TO RETRIEVE DAMASCUS PROVE FUTILE... AND JUSTICE COMES SWIFTLY TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS KILLER...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE, YOUR HONOR!

IDIOTS! THE CURSE OF THE BLACK CAT UPON YOU ALL! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE HIS WRATH... HA, HA... MY DAMASCUS WILL SEEK YOU OUT ONE BY ONE, AND WREAK HIS VENGEANCE... HA, HA, HA, HA!

CONFINE THAT MAN TO HIS CELL AT ONCE!

GET MOVING, SEVEN!

THAT BEARDED JUROR WITH THE GLASSES... I...I SEEM TO KNOW HIM FROM SOMEWHERE! S-SOMETHING HE'S DOING MAKES HIM SEEM SO FAMILIAR!

FATE IS STRANGE INDEED... FOR THE ONE TRUTH IN EDDIE SEVEN'S LIFE WHICH CAN SAVE HIM FROM THE GALLOWS IS THE ONE FACT WHICH HE CANNOT PROVE...

THIS IS A REPRIEVE IN MY HAND, SEVEN! I'VE THE AUTHORITY TO ENFORCE IT IF YOU GIVE US THE REAL IDENTITY OF YOUR CRIME ACCOMPLICE!

I TOLD YOU IN COURT... I KNEW HIM ONLY AS JOE PALMER! IT... MUST HAVE BEEN AN ALIAS!

THAT MAN WITH THE BEARD...THE WAY HE TUGGED AT HIS EAR... WAIT A MINUTE! NOW I REMEMBER...

AND AS THE GALLOWS TRAP SPRINGS OPEN...

W-WAIT! MY PARTNER! THE BEARDED MAN ON THE JURY!

TOO LATE, WARDEN!

CONFOUND IT! THE ONE MAN WHO COULD TESTIFY AGAINST HIS PARTNER... AND HE'S DEAD! BUT WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THOSE LAST WORDS OF HIS?

SEVERAL NIGHTS AFTER EDDIE SEVEN'S EXECUTION, AS MRS. JUDITH WHITE, ONE OF THE JURORS AT HIS TRIAL, RETURNS HOME...
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT ON EARTH... A CAT! A BLACK CAT!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?
MUST GET AWAY... MUST...
EEEEEEK!
LADY! LOOK OUT...THAT CAR!
SCRE CH
AND NEXT EVENING, AS STILL ANOTHER JUROR WALKS THE STREETS...
YAAA!
GREAT SCOTT! HE TRIPPED OVER A LIVE WIRE!
AND--AND THERE'S A BLACK CAT RIGHT BEHIND HIM!
BZZZ!
COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS... BUT WHAT OF THE THIRD JUROR, STANDING ON A SUBWAY PLATFORM THE FOLLOWING MORNING?
A...A BLACK CAT! I--I'M NEXT TO BE DOOMED BY THE CURSE! MY HEART... AHHH!
LOOK! IT'S STRUCK AGAIN!
LEMME OUTA HERE!
EXP
BUT THERE IS ONE JUROR WHO HAS NO FEAR OF THE CURSE... A HEAVILY BEARDED MAN WEARING GLASSES... CONCEALING HIS TRUE IDENTITY OF... JOE PALMER...
THE FOOLS... WHAT NONSENSE! EDDIE'S STUPID CURSE CERTAINLY PUT A SCARE INTO THEM ALL! HA, HA... WHAT A CHARACTER!
The T
BLACK CAT STRIKES AGAIN!
THIRD VICTIM DIES IN TRAIN ACCIDENT
WHO IS NEXT?
SUDDENLY, AS THE SOFT, OMINOUS SOUND OF PADDED PAWS REACHES HIS EARS...
HUH? DAMASCUS! BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS... IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
I'LL PROVE IT! A SLUG IN THE RIGHT SPOT WILL PUNCH A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR EVIL HEART!
4

YES... A BULLET CAN STOP ANY LIVING THING, CAN'T IT, JOE? BUT WHEN YOU FIRE AT A CAT...
F-FOUR SHOTS AND... IT'S STILL ALIVE! MUST GET OUT OF HERE... THIS CREATURE'S A CLAWED DEMON!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
FFFFFFFF
I-IT'S AFTER ME... THE CAT WILL GET ME LIKE IT DID THE OTHERS! EDDIE SEVEN'S CURSE... IT WAS ON THE LEVEL!
I-I CAN'T ESCAPE THE DEVIL! B-BUT WAIT... CATS CAN'T TAKE A TRAIN OR PLANE! I'LL BLOW TOWN... HA, HA, HA... THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!
BUT FIRST I HAVE TO GET THAT HIDDEN LOOT! CAN'T RISK LEAVING IT HERE... HA, HA, HA... BECAUSE I DON'T INTEND COMING BACK!
STRICKEN WITH PANIC, JOE PALMER RUSHES DOWN THE CITY'S ALLEYS AND OVER FENCES IN HIS RACE AGAINST THE CURSE... TILL FINALLY...
N-NO SIGN OF THE BLACK THING YET! MAYBE IT'S AS STUPID AS THE COPS! THEY NEVER FIGURED EDDIE AND I HID OUR LOOT AT THIS RUN-DOWN FACTORY!
BUT ABRUPTLY...
YIIIII!
M-MY HAND... IT FEELS AS IF IT'S BEEN... CLAWED! B-BUT HOW...?
DAMASCUS! YOU EVIL FIEND... GET AWAY FROM ME! I'LL NOT BE A VICTIM OF YOUR UGLY CURSE!
HISSS
5

AT THAT MOMENT...
RAISE YOUR HANDS, PALMER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST AS EDDIE SEVEN'S ACCOMPLICE IN MURDER AND ROBBERY!
C-COPS! Y-YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! I'M... JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE CURSE OF THE BLACK CAT!
4
THERE IS NO CURSE OF THE BLACK CAT, JOE! WE STAGED IT ALL TO FORCE YOU INTO THE OPEN... MAKE YOU REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE HIDDEN MONEY, THEREBY CONDEMNING YOURSELF!
BUT THE DEATHS OF THOSE THREE JURORS... WHEN THEY SAW DAMASCUS!
THEY WERE ALL PROFESSIONAL STUNT EXPERTS, MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE THE REAL JURORS! AND THAT WASN'T SEVEN'S CAT THEY SAW, BUT A STAND-IN CIRCUS ANIMAL NAMED TRIXIE! THOSE BULLETS YOU FIRED AT HIM WERE BLANKS WE PLACED IN YOUR GUN!
CLICK
6
APPARENTLY, YOU LIVED TWO LIVES, PALMER... EDDIE KNEW YOU ONLY AS A CLEAN-SHAVEN CROOK... YOUR NEIGHBORS KNEW YOU AS A RESPECTABLE BEARDED MAN! IRONICALLY, YOU WERE CHOSEN FOR THE VERY JURY THAT SENT EDDIE TO HIS DEATH... BUT HABITS DON'T CHANGE... AND EDDIE TIPPED US OFF IN HIS DYING WORDS ABOUT YOU!
POLICE
THE END

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HERE'S THE MAZE OF MIRRORS, PUD-
YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE MAZE IN 10 MINUTES-
SHUCKS! I'LL FIND MY WAY THROUGH IN FIVE!
I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A ROLLER COASTER RIDE IF YOU DO!
BEFORE I GO, HERE'S SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM FOR EVERYBODY-
TICKETS
THANKS, PUD- WE'LL HAVE FUN WHILE YOU'RE GONE!
PUD'S BEEN GONE 3 MINUTES ALREADY-
HE'LL BE LUCKY TO FIND HIS WAY OUT AT ALL!
POP
EXIT
LET'S GO TO THE ROLLER COASTER!
YOU MADE IT WITH ONE MINUTE TO SPARE!
POP!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOW'D YOU DO IT SO FAST?
EASY! I JUST LISTENED TO ALL OF YOU POPPING YOUR DUBBLE BUBBLE!
AND YOU FOLLOWED THE SOUND!
DUBBLE BUBBLE WORKS EVERY TIME!
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-WITH A SECRET TASTE THAT LASTS A LONG, LONG TIME!
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STRANGE FEARS!

AMONG OLD TIME SAILORS, IT WAS CONSIDERED UNLUCKY TO HAVE *DOGS ON BOARD*, WHILE CATS WERE REGARDED AS ASSURING FAVORABLE WINDS AND *PREVENTING SHIPWRECKS!*

IN CALM WEATHER, SAILORS *WHISTLED* HOPING TO RAISE A WIND, BUT IN A GALE THEY NEITHER WHISTLED NOR ALLOWED OTHERS TO DO SO, FOR THEY FELT THAT THIS *WOULD BRING ON A DISASTROUS STORM!*

THE HOUSEWIFE OF YEARS AGO NEVER *SWEPT THE FLOORS AT NIGHT* BECAUSE SHE FELT THAT THIS WOULD BRING BAD LUCK!

THIS WAS BASED ON THE FANTASTIC SUPERSTITION THAT SUCH SWEEPING *DISTURBED THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD* WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT AT NIGHT!

BELLS and NOISES!
SINCE ANCIENT DAYS, THE RINGING OF BELLS HAS BEEN THE METHOD USED TO ANNOUNCE DEATHS!
THE PRACTICE OF RINGING BELLS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE SIGNIFIED NOT SO MUCH THE GREETING OF THE NEW YEAR AS THE TOLLING THE DEATH OF THE OLD!
PRIMITIVE PEOPLES TOLLED BELLS WHEN SOMEONE DIED TO KEEP HIS SPIRIT FROM EXERCISING AN EVIL INFLUENCE ON THE LIVING!
SAVAGES HAVE ALWAYS USED NOISES AS A MEANS OF CELEBRATION, EACH NOISE-MAKER HAVING ITS OWN SYMBOLIC PURPOSE FOR KEEPING CERTAIN SPIRITS AT BAY!
SUPERSTITIOUS ANCIENTS CLIMBED THE ROOFS OF THEIR HOUSES ON NEW YEARS EVE LITERALLY EXPECTING TO SEE THE NEW YEAR ARRIVE IN SOME PHENOMENAL FORM!
TODAY, OF THE COUNTLESS THOUBANDS WHO THRONG TIMES SQUARE TO CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S EVE, FEW IF ANY, KNOW THE ORIGIN OF THIS ANCIENT CUSTOM!

THEY HAD PROFANED THE 2000 YEAR-OLD HYMN TO ANUBIS, ANCIENT EGYPT'S IMMORTAL CONDUCTOR OF THE DEAD! WHAT ELSE SHOULD DRAW THE VENGEFUL DEITY ACROSS TIME'S VAST ABYSS TO CONDUCT THEM, TOO, THROUGH THE GRISLY CADENCES OF...

The MELODY of DEATH

SWING IT, YOU CATS! LAY OOWN THAT MUMMY JIVE!

BEHIND THE COUNTER, ALEX BRESKA LOOKED LIKE ANY ONE OF THE ANONYMOUS PROPRIETORS OF THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF NASH JOINTS IN THE COUNTRY...

COFFEE, ALEX... AND A DANISH... IF IT'S FRESH!

EVERYTHING'S GOT TO BE FRESH TODAY. WITH FOOD, FRESHNESS MAKES SENSE!

BUT, FOLKS TODAY... THEY WANT EVERY-THING FRESH... BRAND NEW... WHETHER IT'S ART OR BOOKS OR MUSIC! HA... IF THESE NOVELTY-SEEKERS WERE TO TURN INSTEAD TO THE TREASURES OF THE ANCIENTS... HOW THEIR LIFE WOULD BE ENRICHED!

SOME TALK FROM A HASH JOINT OWNER! SOMEDAY I'M GONNA RAID THAT BACK ROOM OF YOURS AND FIND OUT WHAT BLACK DEVILTRY KEEPS YOUR LIGHTS BURNING 'TIL 4 O'CLOCK EVERY MORNING!

HA! MYSTERIES INDEED! YOU'D BE SURPRISED, OFFICER CASEY!

FOR IN THAT BACK ROOM AFTER CLOSING HOURE, A TRANSFORMED ALRX BRESKA WORKS AMONG YELLOWED PARCHMENTS TO RREURRECT ON AN ANTIQUATED LYRE THR ERRIE MRLODIES ONCE SACRRD TO THE PRIESTS OF ANUBIS, ANCIENT EOYPTIAN GOD OF THR DEAD...

AH... WHAT MODERN MELODY CAN COMPARE WITH THIS, WHICH SUBTLY DRAWS A MAN FROM THE OAY'S MANIFOLD CARES INTO DREAM-LIKE UNION WITH THE ONE ALL-EMBRACING?

BUT ON THE FLOOR ABOVE, A CONTRARY OPINON IS HELD BY ALEX'S NEIGHBORS... ULTRA MODERN BE-BOPPERS KNOWN AS "THE NOT STRING TRIO..."

LET'S CARRY IT, MAN! THIS LITTLE MELODY SURE IS GONE!

DIG THOSE MOURNFUL ICKY NOTES COMING FROM OOWNSTAIRS! LET'S SENO THAT LONG-HAIR OUT OF THIS WORLD AGAIN WITH SOME FAST BEAT BOP!

SMEAR IT, MAN... SMEAR IT!

HOLO THAT CEILING DOWN! I'M TICKING!

THE BEASTS! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! TAUNTING ME WITH THEIR VILR TRAVESTY OF MUSIC! I'VR HAD NO PEACE SINCR THEY'VR MOVED IN! AND SOON... THEY'LL BE TRAMPING DOWN HERR AS USUAL TO MAKR ME OPEN UP TO FRRD THRM!

BUT THEY SHALL NOT LONG GO ON WITH THEIR CRUDE WAYS... MAKING A MOCK OF THR SACRED HYMNS OF THR ANCIENT GOD OF DEATH! I SWEAR IT, O ANUBIS! WITH YOUR AID, THRY SHALL THIS VRRY NIGHT BE YOURS!

AND PRESENTLY, AS THRY DID EVERY NIGHT AFTER PRACTICE, ALRX HEARD THE TRIO POUNDING AT THE DOOR OF HIS RRSTAURANT...

OPEN UP, MAN! WE'RE HUNGRY AND THIRSTY!

APPRECIATE US, MAN! REWARD US WITH FOOD AND DRINK FOR THAT SIMPLY GONE BOP WE POURED SO GENEROUSLY INTO YOUR ICKY EARS!

REWARD THEM, INDEED! HA! THEIR REWARD IS OF THEIR OWN MAKING! THROUGH THEIR OWN TAUNTS, THEY SHALL LURE THEMSELVES INTO THE VENGEFUL ARMS OF THE OUTRAGED GOD!

THEY BEGAN DERIDING ALEX WITH THE SAME OLD JOKE THEY ALWAYS USED AS HE STARTED TO FILL THE WATER PITCHER...
ICE CUBES! THAT'S THE ONLY USE WE GOT FOR SQUARES, MAN! TO COOL THE SWEAT AFTER A JAM SESSION! HA, HA!
POOR FOOLS! YOU'RE JUST NOT CAPABLE OF APPRECIATING THE BEAUTY OF MY MUSIC! YOU'D HAVE TO BE MUSICIANS FOR THAT!

DID YOU HEAR HIM? NOT MUSICIANS, HE SAYS! PRODUCE SOME OF THOSE ICKY SCORES YOU ALWAYS PLAY... AND WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SWING THEM!
HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE US UNLESS WE GO BACK INTO HIS ROOM AND TAKE THE SCORES! COME ON!
PRIVATE KEEP OUT

OVER ALEX'S PROTESTS, THE LAUGHING TRIO FORCED THEIR WAY IN AFTER ONE HAD GONE TO FETCH THEIR INSTRUMENTS FROM UPSTAIRS...
HERE'S HIS CRAZY SONG, MAN! LET'S PUT SOME LIFE IN IT SO IT'S REALLY GONE!
NO... NO! I TRANSLATED THAT MYSELF FROM THE SACRED TEMPLE PARCHMENTS! DON'T PROFANE IT! I WARN YOU!

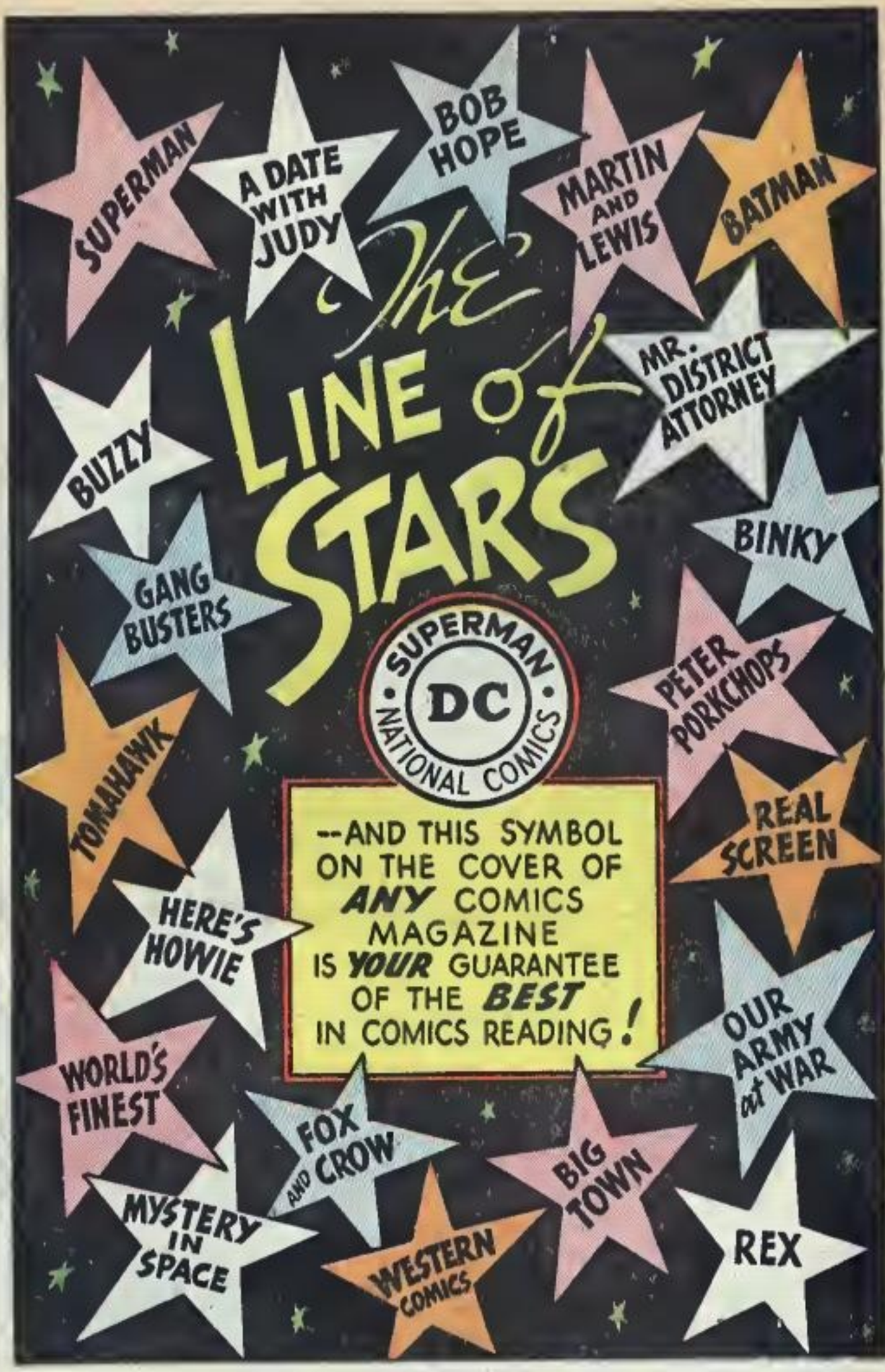
YOU FOOLS! GRASP NOT THE SPOKES OF THE SPINNING WHEEL! INVOKE NOT THE CURSE OF THE GOD BY DEFILING HIS HYMN WITH YOUR RAUCOUS INSTRUMENTS AND DREADFUL RHYTHMS!
HA-HA! THAT ALEX... HE'S A REAL FRANTIC CAT WITH THAT SPOOK JIVE!

AND THEN, IGNORING THE WARNING, THEY RIPPED INTO THE ANCIENT MELODY, TURNING THE ANCIENT MEASURES INTO THE WILD, FRENZIED CADENCES OF BOP...
CARRY IT, MAN! TAKE THE FIRST SOLO!

THE FIRST VIOLINIST TOOK UP THE SOLO FROM THE OTHERS... LUNGING INTO IT WITH A VIOLENT DOWNBOW WHEN... SUDDENLY...
L-LOOK! W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?
M-MY FINGERS.. CAN'T GET HOLD OF THE STRINGS...
AIEEEE
HE---HE'S TURNING INTO A MUMMY! HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE!
IT'S THE CURSE! I WARNED YOU!
YOU LIE! YOU CAN'T LAY THAT CURSE JIVE ON US! IT...IT'S A TRICK! BESIDES... N-NOTHING HAPPENED TO US. WE'RE STILL--
HA...LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU FOOL! THE CURSE HAS GOT YOU, TOO!
M-MY HANDS...! A-AAAAAH...

YOU--YOU FIEND! WH-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO US? M-MAKE IT STOP... C-CALL OFF YOUR CURSE...OR... BEFORE IT G-GETS ME... I---I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!
NO...I C-CAN'T! IT'S TOO LATE! ANUBIS HAS CALLED YOU ALL!
L-LET GO... H-HELP...
NEVER! IF IT TAKES MY L-LAST BREATH, I'LL FINISH YOU AND YOUR BLACK MAGIC...FOR GOOD!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
HM... ALEX IS STILL OPEN.. BUT HE'S NOT AROUND. GUESS HE'S IN THE BACK ROOM... I'D SURE GIVE A LOT TO KNOW WHAT STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THERE 'TIL THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING...
26
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?
DASHING WITHIN, PATROLMAN CASE BURSTS THROUGH THE REAR DOOR TO CONFRONT...
MONSTERS! AND... THEY---THEY'VE GOT ALEX!
THESE FINGERS AROUND HIS THROAT! M-MUMMY FINGERS...THAT TURN TO DUST AS I REMOVE THEM... BUT--BUT ALEX IS STILL BREATHING... MAYBE WATER WILL HELP BRING HIM TO...
A MOMENT LATER..
HIS EYELIDS ARE BEGINNING TO FLUTTER...
5

CASEY··· IT...IT WAS THE CURSE OF ANUBIS...THEY ALL DEFILED THE SACRED MUSIC! AND THEN... THEY TRIED TO F-FINISH ME!
CURSE, DID YOU SAY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
PLEASE WA YOUR HA AND CO
IT...IT WAS THE CURSE OF ANUBIS, I TELL YOU! YOU... YOU DON'T THINK I COULD POSSIBLY TURN MEN INTO MUMMIES, DO YOU?
ALEX..ALEX! YOUR HANDS... YOUR FACE! IT··· IT'S HAPPENING TO YOU, TOO!
N-NO! NO! NOT ME! ANUBIS! FORGIVE ME! WH-WHATEVER I'VE D-DONE! D-DON'T TAKE ME!
AIEEEEE
IT...IT CAN'T BE REAL! THIS...THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!
LATER...AT HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT DO YOU THINK, CORONER?
I'D GUESS IT WAS SOME UNKNOWN EGYPTIAN POISON WHOSE SECRET ALEX LEARNED FROM SOME OLD PARCHMENT... SOMETHING ONCE USED TO EMBALM MUMMIES. HE MUST'VE PUT IT IN THE WATER PITCHER... NEIGHBORS SAY THOSE MUSICIANS WERE ALWAYS KIDDING HIM...
WHY, THAT WAS THE SAME PITCHER FROM WHICH I GAVE HIM A DRINK TO REVIVE HIM!
YES..IRONIC, WASN'T IT? NOW, WITH THE PITCHER SMASHED AND NO SEDIMENT LEFT EVEN IN THE GLASSES... WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TEST FOR SURE WHAT IT WAS!
NO...WE'LL NEVER KNOW.. BECAUSE EVEN IF WE WERE SURE IT WAS POISON... EVEN THEN... WHO CAN SAY IT WAS ONLY 'AN ACCIDENT THAT THE DARK FORCES ALEX TAMPERED WITH DIDN'T TURN ON HIM IN REVENGE?
THE END
6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A DATE WITH JUDY
BOB HOPE
MARTIN AND LEWIS
BATMAN
The LINE of STARS
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HERE'S HOWIE
OUR ARMY at WAR
WORLD'S FINEST
FOX AND CROW
BIG TOWN
MYSTERY IN SPACE
WESTERN COMICS
REX

THE TREE of DEATH!

THE TREE OF EDGEWELL, A FAMOUS OAK TREE, ON THE GROUNDS OF DALHOUSIE CASTLE NEAR EDINBURGH, WAS ALLEGED TO BE MYSTICALLY CONNECTED TO THE LIVES OF THE DALHOUSIES WHO PLANTED IT!
PLANTED MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN THE FIRST EARL OF DALHOUSIE WAS BORN, THE TREE SOON GAINED A REPUTATION FOR FORSHADOWING DEATHS IN THE DALHOUSIE CLAN! OFTEN, A BROKEN BRANCH OR A LIGHTNING-SCARRED TRUNK WAS FOLLOWED, STRANGELY ENOUGH... BY THE DEATH OF SOME MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD!
HOWEVER, WITH THE YEARS THE SUPERSTITION CAME TO BE IGNORED... AND EVEN SCOFFED AT BY THE FAMILY'S DESCENDANTS! ONE DAY, NOT LONG AGO, AN OLD GARDENER ON THE ESTATE WAS STARTLED TO SEE A LARGE LIMB FALL TO THE GROUND, WITHOUT ANY APPARENT CAUSE! "THE EARL IS DEAD," HE SCREAMED!
PEOPLE THOUGHT THE OLD FELLOW A BIT DAFT, BUT WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE CASTLE, THEY WERE MET BY TRAGIC NEWS... FOX MAULE, THE 11TH EARL OF DALHOUSIE, HAD DIED AT THE VERY INSTANT THAT THE LIMB FELL OFF THE TREE!

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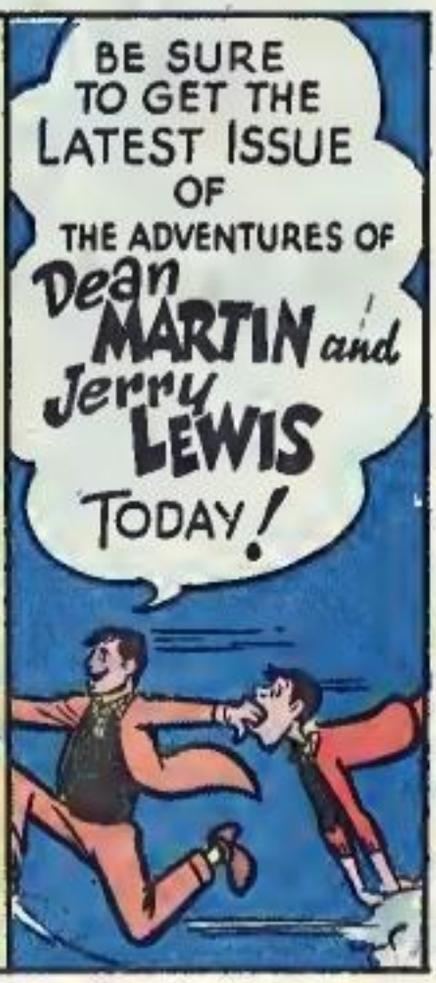


"I Hired a GHOST!"

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GHOST OR TWO TO MAKE YOUR PARTY A SCREAMING SUCCESS! AND YOU CAN RENT THEM, YOU KNOW, LIKE TUXEDOS FOR A FORMAL AFFAIR! I ADMIT, THEY'RE RATHER EXPENSIVE— BUT THE MACABRE MONSTROSITY THAT I HIRED FOR MY PARTY WAS WILLING TO CHARGE ME A FLAT RATE FOR HIS SATANICAL SERVICES... *my life!*

HEY--TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO BE ACTING!

ACTING? PERHAPS THE *OTHERS* ARE ACTORS, MY FRIEND, BUT *NOT I!*

IF YOU'VE READ THE SOCIETY PAGES AT ALL, YOU'VE NO DOUBT COME ACROSS MY NAME... JASON HAWLEY, RETIRED MILLIONAIRE! RICH OLD MEN LIKE ME ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEWHAT ECCENTRIC... AND AS YOU READ THIS STORY YOU'LL PROBABLY DECIDE I'M NO EXCEPTION...

IT ALL BEGAN IN MY PALATIAL MANSION IN *FOX HILLS*, TOWARD THE END OF OCTOBER! I WAS ENTERTAINING AN OLD FRIEND, ROGER BRADSHAW...

I'M THINKING, ROGER, THAT I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL FOR MY ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN PARTY NEXT WEEK!

I ENVY YOU JASON... ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD TO GRATIFY YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH!

YES, ROGER--I LOVE TO SHOCK MY FRIENDS, PARTICULARLY WITH SUPER-NATURAL ILLUSIONS!

AND WHAT KIND OF A PARTY DO YOU HAVE IN MIND THIS YEAR?

I'VE BEEN THINKING... WHY NOT LET BRUTUS MARLON, THE GHOST-MAKER, ARRANGE THIS PARTY?
BRUTUS MARLON, THE WHAT--?

I'M SURPRISED YOU NEVER HEARD OF HIM, ROGER! HE'S A FORMER STAGE MANAGER WHO NOW MAKES HIS LIVING BY PUTTING ON GHOST PARTIES FOR BORED, WEALTHY PEOPLE LIKE MYSELF.

"I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE SPOOKY AFFAIR HE ARRANGED FOR MRS. VAN CLEVE..."
"IT WAS A STARTLING EXHIBITION! ALL THE WEIRD ILLUSIONS WERE DONE WITH MIRRORS AND GADGETS, OF COURSE!"

BUT FOR MY PARTY, I'LL RENT THE EERY STANDISH CASTLE ON HANGMAN'S HILL! OLD MAN STANDISH WAS MURDERED THERE YEARS AGO AND FOLKS THINK THE PLACE IS HAUNTED! HA, HA... IT'LL BE A SENSATION!

WEEMS, GET BRUTUS MARLON ON THE PHONE AT ONCE!
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, EH, JASON?
YES, SIR!

AND AFTER I HAD EXPLAINED WHAT I WANTED TO THE GHOST-MAKER...
REMEMBER, BRUTUS, I WANT A REAL SHOCKER!
I'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HANDLE IT, MR. HAWLEY!

THERE! NOW WE'RE ALL SET FOR THE PARTY OF OUR LIVES, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING-- THE MOONSTONE, WHICH I SHALL WEAR THAT NIGHT!
NO--NO, SIR-- NOT THAT! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE-- THE CURSE OF SHANDAR?

QUIET, ELLEN-- YOU'RE A SILLY, SUPERSTITIOUS GIRL.'
WHAT CURSE IS SHE TALKING ABOUT, JASON?
OH, JUST SOME FOOLISH OLD LEGEND! THIS MOONSTONE, ACCORDING TO THE STORY, WAS ONCE THE RIGHT EYE OF A STATUE OF THE MALAYAN GOD, SHANDAR.'
"LONG AGO, A THIEF IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE CLIMBED TO THE STATUE'S HEAD AND PLUCKED OUT THIS EYE..."
HA, HA... I DO NOT FEAR SHANDAR.' HIS EYE WILL BRING ME GREAT WEALTH.'
"SUDDENLY, A GROTESQUE FIGURE APPEARED ON THE SHOULDER OF THE GOD, AND..."
DEFIER OF GOD SHANDAR, DROP TO YOUR DOOM, AND IN DEATH, STRETCH OUT YOUR ARMS FOR FORGIVENESS!
NO! NO!
"OF COURSE, THE MISERABLE THIEF WAS SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS AND LOST HIS FOOTING..."
AIEEEE!
"... AND THERE HE LAY, HIS ARMS TRULY STRETCHED FOR FORGIVENESS!"
SILLY, EH? I BOUGHT THE MOONSTONE FROM A SEA CAPTAIN MONTHS AGO! SINCE THEN, I'VE RECEIVED SUBSTANTIAL OFFERS FOR IT-- BUT IT AMUSES ME JUST TO KEEP IT IN MY CURIO CABINET.' NOW I WILL WEAR IT AT MY PARTY.'
CAREFUL PREPARATIONS WERE MADE... AND THAT HALLOWE'EN, I FELT THAT BRUTUS MARLON HAD REALLY OUTDONE HIMSELF.' FOR AS THE GUESTS ARRIVED, A GREEN MIST SETTLED LOW OVER THE GREAT DRAWING ROOM OF STANDISH CASTLE...

AND SUDDENLY, TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT...

I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE GOD SHANDAR! FROM THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES DISTANT, I HAVE COME IN SEARCH OF ONE WHO DESECRATES MY MASTER.'

WHEW! I--I DON'T KNOW HOW MARLON FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MOONSTONE, BUT IT'S A WONDERFUL TOUCH.' LOOK AT MY GUESTS... THEY'RE SCARED STIFF.'

RETURN THE MOONSTONE TO ITS PROPER PLACE, OR YOU TOO WILL DROP TO YOUR DOOM... AND IN DEATH YOU WILL STRETCH OUT YOUR ARMS FOR FORGIVENESS.'

HA, HA-- VERY GOOD... VERY GOOD!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, I WANTED TO TELL MARLON WHAT AN EXCELLENT JOB HE HAD DONE-- BUT WHEN I GOT HIS OFFICE ON THE PHONE...

THIS IS JASON HAWLEY SPEAKING! MAY I SPEAK WITH MR. MARLON, PLEASE?

IF YOU'RE CALLING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT HIS NOT SHOWING UP LAST NIGHT, MR. HAWLEY, THE REASON IS... HE WAS KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT ON HIS WAY TO THE CASTLE.'

EH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE *DID* PUT THE PARTY ON.' HE *DID*, I TELL YOU.'

SORRY, SIR... BUT YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.' GOODBYE.

STAR

QUICKLY, I GRABBED THE MORNING PAPER WHICH WEEMS HAD JUST BROUGHT IN. THE HEADLINE SEEMED TO BLARE OUT AT ME.!

TH-THEN HE D-DID DIE! B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GHOST PARTY? ... AND THE CURSE OF SHANDAR? WHAT ABOUT THEM?

STAR

FAMED GHOST-MAKER DIES IN AUTO CRASH!

BODY FOUND IN CAR WRECKAGE!

STUNNED, UNABLE TO COLLECT MY SCATTERED THOUGHTS, I FOUND MYSELF STARING AT THE SAFE WHICH HELD THE MOONSTONE...

IS IT POSSIBLE? CAN SUCH WEIRD THINGS REALLY HAPPEN? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, I CAN'T--!

AT LENGTH, THAT EVENING, I COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN MYSELF.' I HAD TO KNOW... AND SO, OPENING THE SAFE...
I MUST BE A FOOL FALLING FOR SUCH GIBBERISH.' I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA, AND I WON'T START NOW.'
GO AHEAD, SHANDAR-- LET'S SEE HOW MUCH EVIL POWER YOU HAVE.' GO AHEAD.'
AT THAT INSTANT, I HEARD A SHUFFLING SOUND BEHIND ME-- AND WHIRLING ABOUT, I SAW IT...
THE CREATURE.' THE SAME ONE WHO APPEARED LAST NIGHT.'
DEFIER OF THE CURSE OF SHANDAR, SOON YOU WILL DROP TO YOUR DOOM... AND IN DEATH YOU WILL STRETCH OUT YOUR ARMS FOR FORGIVENESS.'
NO! NO! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY.'
A BLIND, NAMELESS TERROR GRIPPING ME, I FLED UP THE STAIRCASE, MY SCREAMS STICKING IN MY THROAT AND THE LOATHE-SOME CREATURE HOT ON MY HEELS...
'ELP! WEEMS! HELP!
BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL I REACHED THE BALCONY THAT I REALIZED WITH NUMBING HORROR, THAT I HAD FLED HEADLONG INTO THE FATE PRESCRIBED BY THE CURSE.'
DROP TO MY DOOM, HE SAID! THE CURSE... IT--IT'S BEGINNING TO T-TAKE EFFECT.'
UTTERING A CRY OF ANGUISHED DESPAIR, I HURLED THE ACCURSED MOONSTONE AT THE CREATURE, STRIKING IT FULL IN THE CHEST...
HERE! TAKE IT.' IT'S YOURS NOW.'
WHAT--? I AM SLIPPING!
5
I STARED UNBELIEVING AS THE MONSTER LOST ITS FOOTING.'
AAAEEEEE!

THE CREATURE LAY MOTIONLESS ON THE FLOOR!...TREMBLING, I CREPT DOWN THE STAIRCASE... BUT WHEN I REACHED ITS SIDE...
WHY, IT'S WEEMS... MY MAN SERVANT! I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WH-WHAT'S THIS LETTER STICKING OUT OF HIS ROBE?

GREAT SCOTT! IT WAS WRITTEN BY SOME PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO BUY THE MOONSTONE, OFFERING HIM $10,000 IF HE COULD FRIGHTEN ME INTO RETURNING IT TO THAT MALAYAN TEMPLE! BUT...WHAT ABOUT MARLON? WAS HE IN ON THE PLOT, TOO?

MY QUESTION WAS ANSWERED BY A PHONE CALL, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
I THINK YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW, MR. HAWLEY, THAT THE POLICE SAY MR. MARLON'S CAR WAS TAMPERED WITH! HE WAS DELIBERATELY MURDERED!
YES... AND I BELIEVE I CAN TELL THEM WHO THE MURDERER IS... OR WAS!

IT WAS THEN THAT I BECAME AWARE OF THE PECULIAR POSITION OF WEEMS' BODY-- AND THE WORDS OF THE CURSE WERE RECALLED TO ME...
I GAVE YOU THE MOONSTONE, WEEMS... AND...AND YOU DROPPED TO YOUR DOOM--AND IN DEATH, YOUR ARMS STRETCHED OUT! H-HAS THE CURSE ACTUALLY BEEN FULFILLED?
THE END

SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!
Yes,
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ADVENTURE CHARACTER COMES RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME IN
THRILLING LIVE ACTION!
WATCH FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

HAUNTED HAPPENINGS

Although Seemingly Supernatural Events Occur Every Day, Explanations Can Follow All of Them

ACTUALLY, very few people really believe in the existence of ghosts, or in the powers of the supernatural. The vast majority insists that there is a logical explanation for everything, no matter how weird or inexplicable it may seem.

Just the same, the mystics never say die—and seemingly supernatural events occur every day to keep alive their faith.

For instance, in Montgomery, Wales, 200 years ago, a man by the name of John Newton, was hanged for robbery. But Newton swore his innocence to the very end, and when he heard his doom pronounced by the presiding magistrate, he cried out:

"As proof of my innocence, grass will never grow on my grave!"

The spring following Newton's hanging, the citizens of Montgomery were a little uneasy discovering that the ground over Newton's grave was completely bare of grass.

Then and there, they resolved that it would never happen again. That same fall, the ground was cultivated and seeded. But, next spring, not a blade came up out of the ground.

Now, remember, Newton's hanging took place 200 years ago, but to this day, no grass has grown over his grave, although the people of Montgomery make it a ritual every year not only to re-seed Newton's grave, but to replace the bare earth with new sod.

The Montgomerians, as you can see, persist in not believing in the power of Newton's curse. Still, how explain it? Can you?

* * *

Then, there is the story of a fishing boat that seemed to possess some rather gentle human traits. The name of the boat was the *Sea lion*, and its owner was Capt. Martin Olsen, who was one of Puget Sound's first salmon fishermen.

When Capt. Olsen, after a long and successful career, decided to retire, he hadn't the heart to sell the boat that had served him so long and so well. Instead, he beached the *Sea Lion* on a sandspit called Point Monroe, just across Puget Sound from Seattle.

In the 10 years that followed, Capt. Olsen would often sit on the deck of the *Sea Lion*, lost in thoughts of his former, more active years. Meanwhile, the *Sea Lion* was settling deeper and deeper into the sandspit.

Then, one day, Capt. Olsen died. And that very day the *Sea Lion* unaccountably floated off from the sandspit. Witnesses reported that no sudden wind, or storm caused the boat to take off—nor was the tide high enough to do it.

And if that wasn't strange enough, what happened next, certainly was. The *Sea Lion*, as if directed by some hidden or unseen force, drifted around the bay until the day of the captain's burial in the cemetery on Bainbridge Island.

You can imagine the astonished surprise of the mourners who came to pay Capt. Olsen their last respects, when, turning, they saw the *Sea Lion* drift up on the Island beach, as close to the grave as possible.

Finally, after the funeral, the *Sea Lion* once again drifted off—and curiosity seekers found it back on the sandspit where Capt. Olsen had originally placed it.

Can you figure out a logical explanation for the *Sea Lion?* No one else has.

* * *

The villagers residing in the resort hamlet of Wookey Hole, Somerset, England, would appreciate a logical explanation for their pesky Wookey Witch.

Not that the Wookey Witch is doing any damage, but ghosts have a tendency of discouraging vacationists from spending their holidays where "spirits roam." And since Wookey Hole's chief income is derived from vacationists, you can understand the villagers' chagrin at the return of a witch that was supposed to have been destroyed 1,000 years ago.

Yes—1,000 years ago, a spirit (a woman wearing a cap and a white apron) terrified the simple villagers of Wookey Hole, until a monk took charge, exorcizing the spirit. Exorcizing is supposed to work permanently, but the good monk must have slipped up somewhere, because the Wookey Witch is back, walking through walls, and materializing suddenly.

According to the London *Daily Express*, the witch so far has walked in only two cottages of the village, and as far as the the inhabitants are concerned , she's welcome to them. For no one will sleep in the cottages alone.

* * *

Here is one final seemingly unexplainable incident for you to try to solve by logical reasoning.

An interne in a French hospital, making his rounds in the charity ward one night, suddenly heard someone reciting, in a broken, cracked voice, the verses of Homer's Iliad and the Odyssey. The diction was perfect.

This interne was quite a scholar himself, having studied Greek, and he realized that whoever was reciting those verses must be a highly educated person. He sighed, "Ah, the wheel of fortune—that such a scholar should be lying in a charity ward!"

He approached the patient's bed—and recognized her instantly—an old scrubwoman, who could hardly write her own name!

"But," the interne gasped, "this is impossible! An ignorant woman, who can do nothing better than scrub floors, reciting Greek verses in the purest diction?"

The interne listened intently as the scrubwoman continued, telling the story of Helen and the wooden horse of Troy, of Ulysses and his voyage home. Impossible, indeed!

The interne called in other physicians, who listened, astonished. Then, with the help of the police, an investigation was made into the woman's past. They discovered that she had never once been inside a classroom, that she had not even studied her native language of French, let alone Greek!

And there the mystery stood for awhile. Can you account for it, without resorting to supernatural reasons? The mystics had a ready answer: a spirit was actually reciting the verses *through* the scrubwoman, using her as a medium.

Fortunately, in this particular case, we know the natural cause, and this is it.

Many years before the patient ended her wretched years in the charity ward, she had worked as a scrubwoman in a boarding house near the famed Sorbonne University.

One of the tenants happened to be a professor of Greek who had the habit of reading aloud from Homer at the time the scrubwoman was working in the hall outside his room.

Although the words were meaningless gibberish to the poor woman, the sounds, repeated again and again, seeped into her brain, and before long, she could quote whole passages of the deathless verse.

As we said in the beginning, there is a logical explanation for everything, if you happen to know where and how to find it.

—Jack E. Miller

BLACK MAGIC!

AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN OFTEN RESORT TO A FEARSOME, DEADLY BLACK MAGIC KNOWN AS THE *DEATH-BONE!*

AT DUSK, TWO TRIBESMEN CONCEAL THEMSELVES AND WAIT FOR THEIR VICTIM! WHILE ONE CHANTS A BLOOD-CHILLING DEATH DIRGE, THE OTHER POINTS THE DEATH-BONE AT THE UNSUSPECTING PASSERBY!

ATTACHED TO THE BONE IS A TUFT OF TWISTED HAIR WHICH FOR SOME REASON IS HELD AGAINST THE RIGHT HIP. MARKED AROUND THIS TUFT ARE RINGS WHICH DENOTE HOW LONG THE KILLING WILL TAKE!

THESE RINGS ARE SLOWLY BURNED OFF AS THE VICTIM GROWS WEAKER AND WEAKER! PHYSICIANS IN AUSTRALIA ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE SYMPTONS OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN "BONED" TO DEATH AND ARE *USUALLY POWERLESS TO HELP!*

SINCE THE POTENCY OF THIS FORM OF BLACK MAGIC IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY AUSTRALIAN AUTHORITIES, IT IS UNLAWFUL TO PRACTICE ANYTHING EVEN RESEMBLING IT!

ON A SIDE STREET OF A SUBURBAN TOWN WAS LOCATED THE FASCINATING LITTLE DOLL SHOP... SEEMINGLY AN INNOCENT AND PLEASANT WONDERLAND! BUT BENIND THE FACADE OF FUN LURKED TERRIBLE, GRIM OBJECTS... AND UNANSWERED QUESTIONS ABOUT THE UNKNOWN! AND THE DOLL-MAKER, STRANGE LITTLE MAN... COULD HE ACTUALLY FORESEE DEATH? IF NOT, THEN WHAT POSSIBLE SOLUTION COULD LIE BEHIND...

The CASE of the DEADLY DOLLS

FROM ALL OVER TOWN PEOPLE CAME... DRAWN BY THE FASCINATING, CREATIONS OF THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN WHO OWNED A TINY SHOP ON WINDSOR STREET...

YOUR DOLLS ARE INGENIOUS, MR. CONER!

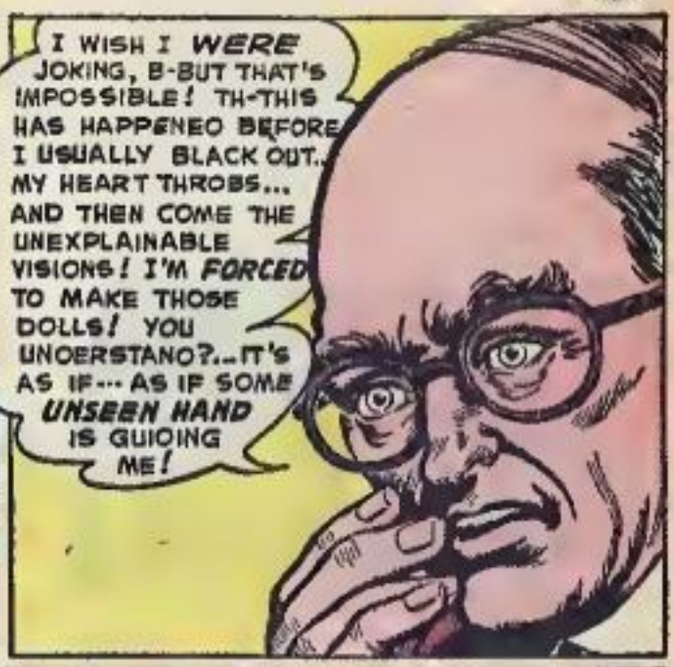
THANK YOU, MR. BELL! YOU SEE, I USED TO BE AN INVENTOR, AND I COMBINED THAT ABILITY WITH A TALENT FOR ART! THE RESULT IS THIS... DOLLS THAT CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

B-BUT WHAT IS *THAT?* THAT DOLL... IT'S BROKEN... IT SEEMS TO BE IN PAIN... AND *IT LOOKS LIKE A NEIGHBOR OF MINE...* MR. SPRING!

REALLY? THAT IS TERRIBLE! I--- I'M SORRY!

WHY DID YOU MAKE A DOLL TO RESEMBLE *HIM,* MR. CONER?

I---I OON'T KNOW... IT...IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN! TH-THAT BROKEN DOLL IS THE RESULT OF A---A VISION! WH-WHOEVER THIS PERSON IS... HE'S DOOMEO, YOU KNOW!
WHAT...? COME, COME, MAN... SURELY YOU MUST BE JOKING!


I WISH I WERE JOKING, B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! TH-THIS HAS HAPPENEO BEFORE I USUALLY BLACK OUT.. MY HEART THROBS... AND THEN COME THE UNEXPLAINABLE VISIONS! I'M FORCED TO MAKE THOSE DOLLS! YOU UNOERSTANO?...IT'S AS IF--- AS IF SOME UNSEEN HAND IS GUIOING ME!

AN "UNSEEN HAND"? WAS THE BROKEN DOLL TRULY A PORTENT OF THE FUTURE?... OR WAS IT MERE COINCIDENCE WHEN, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A MAN NAMED HAROLD L. SPRING PLUMMETED TO HIS DEATH FROM AN EIGHTH STORY WINDOW?
KEEP BACK, FOLKS... IT'S NOT A VERY PRETTY SIGHT!
POOR MR. SPRING...WH-WHAT MADE HIM DO IT? THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE IN THE ROOM WHEN IT HAPPENED!

THE DEATH WAS LISTED AS SUICIDE AND WAS SOON FORGOTTEN. BUT SOME WEEKS LATER, IN FRONT OF THE DOLL SHOP...
GREAT HEAVENS! THAT DOLL LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!
CONER DOLL SHOP
ENTRANCE

I'M ARTHUR ADDISON, PRESIDENT OF THE CITY BANK! SIR---THAT TERRIBLE DOLL IS AN EXACT IMAGE OF ME! AM I TO DIE? SPRING DIED, YOU KNOW...WITH-IN 24 HOURS AFTER HIS DOLL-IMAGE APPEARED HERE!
I AM SORRY, MR. ADDISON, VERY SORRY! I CAN DO NOTHING! I SAW THE VISION, THAT'S ALL!

BACK AT HIS BANK, ADDISON TOOK NO CHANCES. HE MADE IMMEDIATE ARRANGEMENTS TO SPEND THE NIGHT COMPLETELY OUT OF HARM'S WAY...
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SILLY SUPERSTITIONS, OF COURSE, AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF CONER'S DOLL... BUT... UH... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SPEND A NIGHT IN A BANK VAULT! HA, HA!
WE'VE PIPED IN AIR... YOU HAVE FOOD AND WATER ... AND WE'LL BE JUST OUTSIDE, MR. ADDISON! NOTHING CAN POSSIBLY HARM YOU!

NOTHING? THEN TO WHAT COULD THE FANTASTIC OCCURRENCE THAT TOOK PLACE THE FOLLOWING MORNING BE ATTRIBUTED?
MORNING, MR. ADDISON, AND... MR. ADDISON!
GREAT GUNS! HE'S DEAD... HANGING THERE... DEAD! SOMETHING... OR SOMEBODY... DID MANAGE TO GET INTO THIS VAULT!
ANOTHER COINCIDENCE? HARDLY HAD THE TOWN RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF ADDISON'S UNEXPLAINABLE DEATH WHEN A MAN RUSHED INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND...
LISTEN... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! MY NAME'S DRYDEN... ROBERT DRYDEN! THERE'S A DOLL-IMAGE OF ME IN CONER'S DOLL-SHOP WINDOW... A DOLL-IMAGE WITH A KNIFE IN ITS BACK! I'LL DIE! THE DOLLS HAVE SAID SO!
NOT ONLY DOES THE DOLL LOOK LIKE ME, BUT IT'S DRESSED EXACTLY LIKE ME! IT EVEN HAS A TATTOO MARK ON ITS CHEST... JUST LIKE THIS!
HMM... EXACTLY LIKE YOU, EH?
LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO SPRING AND ADDISON! THEY DIED, DIDN'T THEY? AND THEIR DOLL IMAGES WERE IN THE DOLL-SHOP WINDOW, TOO! NOW... I'M NEXT! YOU MUST PROTECT ME!
LOOK... I'M DETECTIVE FARRAGUT, MR. DRYDEN! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE, WHILE I GO TAKE A LOOK AT THAT DOLL SHOP! CLANCY, PUT MR. DRYDEN IN ONE OF OUR SOLITARY CELLS... HE'LL BE SAFE THERE!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT CONER'S SHOP...
I TELL YOU, MR. FARRAGUT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS MAN DRYDEN! I NEVER SAW HIM... EXCEPT IN MY VISION!
VISION, EH? MUST'VE BEEN A GOOD CLEAR ONE! THAT DOLL'S FACE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE DRYDEN! LISTEN, CONER... OH... THE TELEPHONE! BETTER ANSWER IT!
R-R-R-RING
THE PHONE CALL WAS FROM OFFICER CLANCY... AND THE STORY HE HAD TO TELL CAME IN HORRIFIED TONES...
DRYDEN'S DEAD, SIR! HE WAS IN THE CELL... THERE WERE NO WINDOWS... NO ENTRANCES OR EXITS, EXCEPT FOR THE DOOR... AND THREE POLICEMEN WERE OUTSIDE THAT DOOR! YET DRYDEN'S DEAD! THERE'S A KNIFE IN HIS BACK!
WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE!
DRYDEN'S DEAD... JUST THE WAY YOUR ACCURSED DOLL FORESAW! ALL RIGHT, CONER... WHAT'S THE STORY? AND GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT!
I TELL YOU, FARRAGUT, IT WAS THOSE VISIONS... THOSE TERRIBLE VISIONS...
3

LOOK, CONER... I DON'T GO IN FOR VOODOO AND MUMBO-JUMBO! THAT GOES FOR YOUR SO-CALLED VISIONS, TOO! I'VE GOT 20 YEARS BEHIND ME ON POLICE FORCES, AND I'VE NEVER YET FOUND A WEIRDY CASE THAT DIDN'T HAVE GOOD OLD A-B-C ANSWERS!
YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME... YOU MUST!
I DIDN'T KNOW SPRING OR ADDISON... OR DRYDEN! I SAW THEM ONLY IN THESE AWFUL VISIONS! I WAS HERE... RIGHT ON THESE PREMISES... WHEN THEY DIED! IF YOU THINK I'M GUILTY... LOCK ME UP, ACCUSE ME OF MURDER... GO AHEAD!
I'D LIKE TO, CONER... BUT I'M STUMPED! I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU AND THOSE DEATHS! BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT... CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU GET ANOTHER OF YOUR "VISIONS"! UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR... I WILL DO THAT!
IT WASN'T UNTIL 15 DAYS LATER THAT LT. FARRAGUT HEARD AGAIN FROM THE WEIRD LITTLE DOLL-MAKER...
ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT, CONER... STAY RIGHT THERE! WE'LL BE OVER TO YOUR PLACE IMMEDIATELY! COME ON, BERT... CONER'S HAD ANOTHER VISION... SOMEONE ELSE IS SLATED TO DIE!
PRESENTLY, AT THE DOLL SHOP, LT. FARRAGUT STARED INCREDULOUSLY AT A TINY, TWISTED FIGURE...
THIS IS A DOLL IMAGE OF EVERETT HOWLAND... ONE OF OUR LEADING CITIZENS... A MILLIONAIRE!
POOR MR. HOWLAND. I DO HOPE YOU CAN SAVE HIM!
BERT... GET A SQUAD OF MEN OVER TO HOWLAND'S PLACE! THEY'RE TO GUARD HIM... 24 HOURS A DAY! HURRY, MAN!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THOSE VISIONS OF YOURS THIS TIME, CONER! AND LOOK... DON'T GO ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN'T GET HOLD OF YOU AT ONCE!
YES, LT. FARRAGUT... BUT I DOUBT IF EVEN THE POLICE CAN HELP HOWLAND! THOSE VISIONS... THOSE TERRIBLE VISIONS!

CONER STAYED ON AT HIS SHOP THAT NIGHT, WORKING LATE... AND SHORTLY PAST MIDNIGHT, THERE WAS A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR...

YOU... YOU'RE MR. HOWLAND, AREN'T YOU?

YES! I HAD TO SEE YOU! MY SERVANTS HELPED ME ELUDE THE POLICE! I WANT TO PLAY BALL, CONER... I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK! HOW MUCH?

"HOW MUCH?" WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. HOWLAND?

I'M READY TO BE BOUGHT OFF! I'LL PAY YOUR PRICE! I'M A RICH MAN, MR. CONER... ***VERY*** RICH... AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE! ***HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT? I'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!***

THERE IS ***NO*** PRICE, MR. HOWLAND! I COULD CHEAT YOU, YES... AND TAKE YOUR MONEY... BUT YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BUY OFF FATE! I CAN'T ACCEPT ONE CENT, BECAUSE I CAN DO NOTHING! ***NOTHING!***

JUST THEN...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. HOWLAND... YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LIFE! IT NEVER ***WAS*** IN DANGER, WAS IT, CONER?

FARRAGUT!

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE PEOPLE WHO DIED, RIGHT? PRESUMABLY, YOU'D NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE!

THAT'S CORRECT... AND I'LL STICK BY MY STORY! I SAW THEM ONLY IN MY ***VISIONS!***

THEN YOU MUST HAVE ***X-RAY VISIONS***, CONER! OTHERWISE, IF THE MEN YOU SAW WERE FULLY DRESSED, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO PUT A ***TATTOO*** ON THE CHEST OF DRYDEN'S DOLL? YOU SEE, YOU OVERPLAYED YOUR PART... YOU WERE ***TOO*** PERFECT...

...AND THAT'S WHAT SET ME TO THINKING ...AND CHECKING! WHAT I FOUND WAS A COMMON DENOMINATOR FOR THE MEN WHO DIED... THEY WERE ALL ***DOOMED PEOPLE*** WITH ***INCURABLE DISEASES!***

"YOU MUST'VE GOTTEN THE HOSPITAL RECORD OF MANY SUCH PEOPLE, CONER! I'VE ALREADY TALKED TO A FEW OF THEM, AND THEY TOLD ME ABOUT THE CHOICE PROPOSITIONS YOU OFFERED THEM..."

YOU FOOL! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYHOW, AREN'T YOU? YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED... BUT IF YOU *KILL* YOURSELF, IN THE EXACT MANNER I DESCRIBE, I'LL PAY YOU $10,000 IN ADVANCE... MONEY TO PROVIDE FOR YOUR RELATIVES AFTER YOUR DEATH!

NO! NO! GO AWAY... YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

"BUT YOU DID MAKE A BARGAIN WITH THREE OF THEM... SPRING, ADDISON AND DRYDEN! PERHAPS DRYDEN WAS SHAVING WHEN YOU CALLED ON HIM... THAT'S HOW YOU SAW HIS TATTOO MARK..."

I GET IT... YOU WANT ME TO RUSH TO THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM LOCK ME UP! THEN I'M TO HOLD A KNIFE AGAINST THE WALL, ITS POINT OUTWARDS, AND KILL MYSELF BY BACKING INTO IT! EXCELLENT, SINCE I'M TO DIE ANYWAY, I'LL DO IT!

GOOD... AND HERE IS YOUR PAYMENT. $10,000... IN CASH!

BUT...BUT *I'M* NOT ABOUT TO DIE... AND YOU SAID HE DIDN'T INTEND TO *KILL* ME! THEN WHY THE DOLL OF DEATH FOR ME?

OH, YES... I FORGOT THAT PART! SINCE THE MOTIVE WASN'T MONEY.. WHICH CONER TURNED DOWN... I FIGURED IT WAS *REVENGE!*

LOOK CLOSELY AT MR. CONER. OR, USING HIS REAL NAME, *ALFRED STONER!* YOU AND HE WORKED TOGETHER, AS INVENTORS, IN AN UPSTATE PLANT 15 YEARS AGO... I'VE ALREADY CHECKED ON THAT!

YES... THAT IS RIGHT!

AMAZING! HE *IS* STONER!

YOU BOTH GREW WEALTHY BY YOUR INVENTIONS UNTIL YOU SPLIT UP! THEN YOU, HOWLAND, GREW WEALTHIER AND FAMOUS... CONER DIDN'T!

HOWLAND *STOLE* MY INVENTIONS! I WANTED TO GET EVEN WITH HIM... I WANTED TO FILL THE REST OF HIS LIFE WITH TORMENT AND FEAR!

NO... I HADN'T PLANNED TO REALLY KILL YOU! I ONLY WANTED TO MAKE YOU *THINK* THE DOLL CURSE WOULD GET YOU! OH... HOW I WANTED TO SEE YOU SUFFER... AND SUFFER... AND *SUFFER!*

BUT I NEVER STOLE YOUR INVENTIONS! I SWEAR IT! I CAN PROVE IT BY INFALLIBLE DOCUMENTS!

BUT AS LONG AS CONER *THOUGHT* YOU STOLE THEM, HE SOUGHT A TERRIBLE REVENGE! I'M GLAD WE CAUGHT HIM IN TIME! ALSO, I HAD TO PROVE TO MYSELF THAT THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER WEIRDY... *WITH A-B-C ANSWERS!*

YES... THANKS TO A TATTOO... A SIMPLE TATTOO!

The END

YES PAL! IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can Become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN Like We Did!

WE WERE SKINNY WRECKS Like YOU!

BEFORE
We Mailed Coupon

YOU TOO CAN BECOME An AMAZING NEW HE-MAN
If You Mail Coupon NOW

AFTER
We Mailed Coupon
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!
Mail Coupon Below

Hi SKINNY

—they used to say before I took the Jowett Course. I was run down, anemic, ashamed in a bathing suit. Now I have added **30 lbs.** of steel-strong muscle —6" to my arms— 10" to my chest. Jowett has given me a new body that is the envy of the neighborhood.

Chicago, Ill

I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be me in a matter of weeks through Jowett training You can win a **BIG SILVER TROPHY** as I did. I went from SKINNY, puny 90 lbs to this All-American HE-MAN. NOW it looks like I'll make the football team just like you can too.

Rochester, N. Y.

In 10 Minutes of Fun A Day I Changed From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN

I gained **49 lbs.**—added **7"** to my chest—**3"** to each arm. WITH ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity. Mail the ALL-FREE Coupon below as I did.

Arkansas

KEN BEFORE — SICKLY GRIMM BEFORE

KEN IS NOW a HEAD-to-TOE HE-MAN as you can be soon

KEN GRIMM AFTER — Full of Pep and Power

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb Skeleton

CLEASON R CLEVELAND AFTER — 160-lb He-Man Athletic, Popular, Self-Confident A Success with Men and Girls!

JACKSON BEFORE

JOBIE JACKSON AFTER — 90 Days!

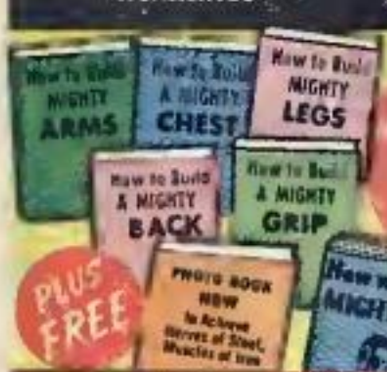
COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU CAN WIN $100

AND A BIG 15" tall SILVER CUP!
Let me make YOU an ALL-AROUND **HE-MAN**
as I made these former SKINNY and FLABBY WEAKLINGS

IN which of the above groups does YOUR BODY belong? The 3 scrawny and flabby fellows on the top are the SAME fellows as the 3 HUSKIES on the bottom! YOUR PHOTO can soon belong to the HE-MAN GROUP . . .

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and tired as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN were of being SKINNY OR FLABBY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.


How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
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How to Build A MIGHTY BACK
How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP
PLUS FREE
PHOTO BOOK NEW to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron
How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET 5 FREE PICTURE-PACKED COURSES Millions Have Been Sold for $5 And More

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over, if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR 320 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like these champs did . . . Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did SO . . .

LAST CHANCE — ALL FREE COUPON!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

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Jowett Courses produced as World for Building All Around HE MEN" —R. F. Kelley Physical Director

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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C O D's).

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Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BUZZY gets tips on CHOOSING A PROFESSION!

HI, DANNY. COMING TO OUR MEETING LATER? JIM HALLEY'S GOING TO TALK TO US ABOUT SELECTING A CAREER.
AW, WHAT DOES HE KNOW? ALL HE DOES IS SIT AND TALK TO A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET ALONG.'
WHAT'S HE DONE FOR MY BIG BROTHER? MIKE USED TO LOAF AROUND AND DRAW PICTURES ALL THE TIME. NOW, SINCE THAT GUY, HALLEY, STARTED COMING AROUND, HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING.' I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN MUCH OF HIM RECENTLY.'
MAYBE THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT, DANNY...
MIKE!
I'VE BEEN BUSY TAKING COURSES IN DRAFTSMANSHIP--THANKS TO JIM'S HELP. HE PUT ME WISE TO A LOT OF THINGS--MOSTLY ON HOW TO HELP MYSELF. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE MY DRAWING STARTS PAYING OFF.'
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT JIM AND THE KIND OF WORK HE DOES. EVERYBODY NEEDS HELP SOMETIMES--AND SOMEBODY HAS TO KNOW HOW TO HELP PEOPLE WITHOUT BLAMING THEM FOR THE JAMS THEY GET INTO OR THE WAY THEY ACT.
YEAH, I GUESS SO. WELL, MAYBE I'LL GO WITH YOU TO THAT MEETING, BUZZY...
LATER...
YOU'VE TOLD US ABOUT DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS, MR. HALLEY. HOW ABOUT YOUR OWN PROFESSION--COMMUNITY WELFARE WORK?
IT'S A PRETTY GOOD BET, DANNY. THE FIELD IS WIDE OPEN. THERE'S GOING TO BE A SHORTAGE OF SOCIAL WORKERS FOR YEARS--AND YOU HAVE A BIG CHOICE OF IMPORTANT JOBS.
YOU CAN HELP KIDS OR FAMILIES OR OLD PEOPLE OR SICK PEOPLE. YOU CAN RUN CAMPS OR RECREATION CENTERS. YOU CAN DO RESEARCH OR HELP TOWNS PLAN FOR BETTER THINGS. IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN.'
IF YOU LIKE PEOPLE AND WANT TO HELP LICK SOME OF TODAY'S BIG PROBLEMS, THERE MAY BE A CAREER IN SOCIAL WORK FOR YOU. GET IN TOUCH WITH A SOCIAL AGENCY IN YOUR TOWN ABOUT A VOLUNTEER JOB THAT COULD HELP YOU DECIDE. THERE'S A LOT OF SATISFACTION IN HELPING PEOPLE AND TOWNS AND EVEN COUNTRIES TO HELP THEMSELVES.'

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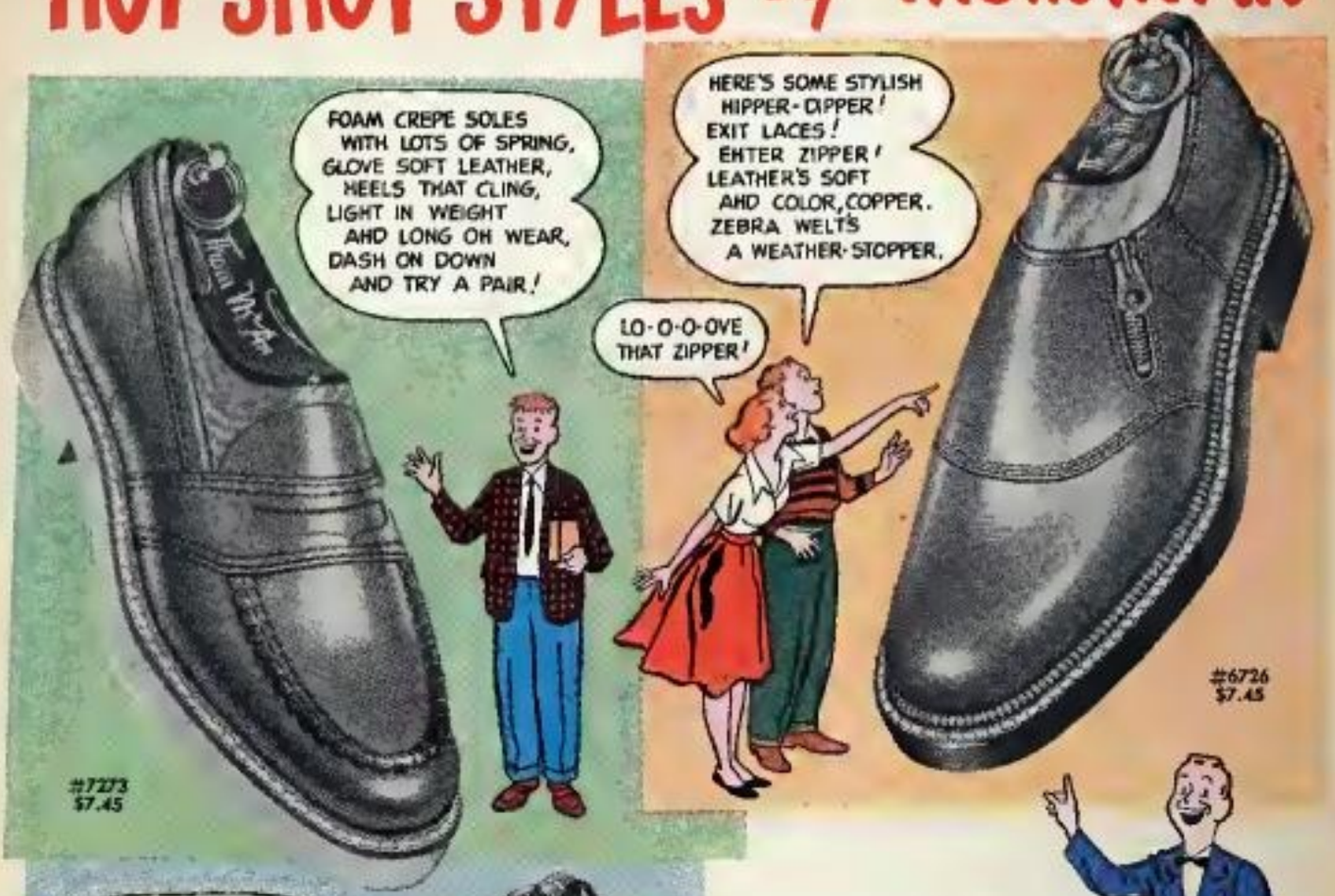
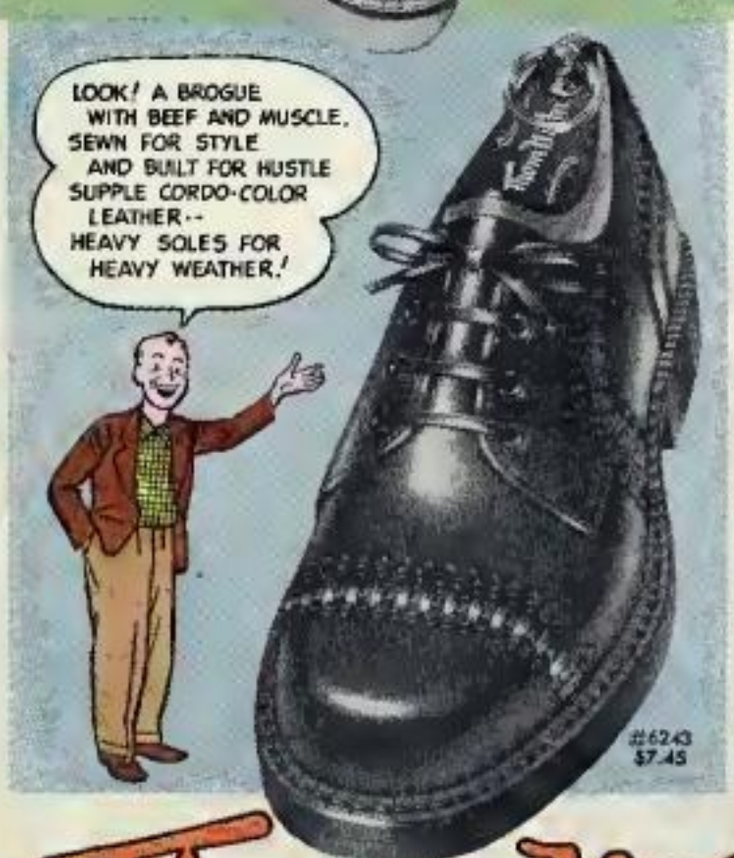
HOT SHOT STYLES by Thom McAn


FOAM CREPE SOLES WITH LOTS OF SPRING, GLOVE SOFT LEATHER, HEELS THAT CLING, LIGHT IN WEIGHT AND LONG ON WEAR, DASH ON DOWN AND TRY A PAIR!
#7273 $7.45
HERE'S SOME STYLISH HIPPER-DIPPER! EXIT LACES! ENTER ZIPPER! LEATHER'S SOFT AND COLOR, COPPER. ZEBRA WELTS A WEATHER-STOPPER.
LO-O-O-OVE THAT ZIPPER!
#6726 $7.45


LOOK! A BROGUE WITH BEEF AND MUSCLE, SEWN FOR STYLE AND BUILT FOR HUSTLE SUPPLE CORDO-COLOR LEATHER-- HEAVY SOLES FOR HEAVY WEATHER!
#6243 $7.45

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